

Glitter by milevenmirkwood

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, Lumax, Max gives El some clarification, Mileven, i got impatient waiting for Max and El friendship, while addressing her own feelings

Language: English

Characters: Eleven (Stranger Things), Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler

Relationships: Eleven & Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Eleven/Mike Wheeler, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair (implied)

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-12-07

Updated: 2017-12-07

Packaged: 2022-04-03 05:14:50

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings, No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 916

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

I hope that we can be more than just friends

Or; El tries to put into words how she feels about Mike

Glitter

Author's Note:

So I have pretty much no excuse for not writing any fics lately, except that I haven't had any ideas for stories. So surprise, surprise I typically write when I've been drinking so here I am! This is gonna be short, but I was listening to Tyler the Creator's song Glitter when I wrote this.

Flowers

I feel like glitter

and every time you come around

I feel like glitter

Mike smiled widely, walking backwards away from Max and El. He tripped on a loose block of sidewalk as he walked into the Hawkins High. Max snorted at the sight while El smiled lovingly. Finally Mike disappeared into the building and Max looked to see El in a love-sick trance of the boy who was once there. Several students around them scrambled to make their fist period while Max hung back with El by the bike rack.

"God you two are so gross." Max quipped and El's eyebrows came together in confusion.

"Why gross?" El questioned.

Max sighed, not wanting to be impatient with her. "Cause you guys are so into each other."

"Into?"

"Like... how does Mike make you feel?" Max asked.

"Warm... special... tingly. Like... sparkly." El explained as best as she

could.

"Tingy.... okay so he makes you feel... like glitter."

"Glitter?"

"Y'know... like little pieces of sparkles?" Max explained.

El remember the time she was with Will after school and he showed her how glitter stuck to wet glue. She proudly wrote Jane in the sticky substance and coated it with gold glitter. The piece of pink construction paper was displayed on the bedroom door with pride. The sparkly specs were captivating, catching the light beautifully, and reflecting tiny bright freckles onto her and Will's face.

Sometimes Mike made her stomach hurt. Not the same hurt when she bled, but like she was going to be sick despite feeling fine prior. Her cheeks flushed when she felt his eyes on her even though someone else was talking. The way he waited at her locker between classes and walked her to her next period despite his class being on the other side of school. When he smiled at her, it was just for her. When she was him, there wasn't anything else in the world but him.

"El? Earth to Hopper?" Max asked, waving her hand in El's face.

"Yes. Like glitter." El said bashfully, hugging her books closer to her chest.

"Then will you tell him that for fuck's sake," Max said. "Language." El reprimanded. "If I see you guys look at each other like that, I'm gonna hurl."

"What if... I don't make Mike feel like that?"

Max ran her fingers through her flowing red hair in frustration. "El trust me. You could ask for the skin off his back and he'd do it."

El made a face. "*That's* gross."

"Yes it is," Max said with a laugh. "But it's true. I've seen you take on worse than Mike freakin' Wheeler."

Max started to walk away when El caught her arm. "Does Lucas make you feel sparkly?"

"Pssh. He wishes." Max said, all too causally.

El smirked at Max's reddening cheeks.

"Friends don't lie Max."

"Ugh if I had a dollar everytime- listen Lucas and I aren't cheesy like that. We wouldn't be caught dead looking at each other like that."

She had a point. Any stranger could look at the two and wouldn't be any the wiser. Only in the privacy of the party did the two shyly hold hands or smile bashfully at the other. It was a subtle romance that both of them preferred.

"Dustin would really be annoyed." El said and Max laughed.

"We better head inside. Some of us can't get away with being the chief's daughter." Max quipped.

Max walked El to her first period on her way to class when she stopped El. "Seriously El. Tell Mike. He's been crazy about you since middle school. Give him the benefit of the doubt."

Before El could ask what that meant he classroom door opened, revealing an exasperated Mrs. Watson. Max gave El a sympathetic smile before skating off.

El and Mike were studying in his basement, with the door open Mrs. Wheeler stressed, when Mike noticed her fidgeting.

"El? Are you okay?" Mike asked in usual gentle voice, his dark eyes filled with concern.

"Yes. No. Yes. Mike-" El said, bouncing her leg up and down.

"Hey, hey. Just take deep breath and try to relax okay? Whatever's

going on, you can tell me El. What's wrong?"

"You."

Hurt flashed through his eyes and El instantly regretted her words. She'd been practicing her vocabulary and sentence structuring for years, but sometimes she still made mistakes that embarrassed her.

El continued to stumbled over her words as Mike's brows came together in confusion.

"Glitter. You make me feel sparkly and pretty and... happy." El breathed.

Mike suddenly smiled so brightly it made her heart skip. The smile was quickly wiped away as El leaned forward so their lips met. They kissed a few times since the Snowball, each brief but amazing. El tested the waters, wrapping her arms around his neck, like she was a woman do on the TV. Mike made a noise of surprise, but slowly raised his hand so it was resting on her cheek. The broke apart after a few seconds, slightly out of breath and cheeks pink.

"Will you be my girlfriend El? It means-"

"Yes."

Mike pulled her into his arms, discarding of the textbook in his lap. El buried her face in his neck as he placed loving kisses on her shoulder.

"You make me feel sparkly too." Mike whispered in her ear and El smiled widely, blissful and giddy.

They laid back, squeezing onto the couch, and cuddled and whispered the evening away.

Author's Note:

Ugh you guys idk why I've been so tapped out when it comes to fic ideas, but I absolutely want to keep writing cause it helps broaden my writing skill. As always please leave any comments/ constructive criticism or kudos as feedback really helps me understand what I'm good at and what needs improvement. I love you guys and hope you have an amazing day.

P.S- I love what you're doing with your hair. Unless you don't have hair? In that case, your.... face?

Tumblr: milevenmirkwood

Instagram: milevenmirkwood